

## A CRADLE SONG.

Still the lake, and still the field;  
Still the feathery pine is;  
Would my sleep  
Could be as deep,  
And as calm as thine is!

Child of earth and air and sun,  
Stir not in thy sleeping:  
Lie at rest  
On nature's breast—  
Trust thee to her keeping!

Powers of earth and air and sun,  
Beneath, around, above thee,  
Lend their charm  
To ward off harm—  
All that lives must love thee.

Lo, the gentle sprites of spring  
In homage kneel before thee,  
On hovering  
On silent wing,  
Keep watch fraternal o'er thee.

May they still attend thy steps  
Where'er thou dost go;  
Pure and fair  
As sun and air  
Be all the love thou knowest!

Still the lake, and still the field;  
Still the feathery pine is;  
Would my sleep  
Could be as deep,  
And as calm as thine is!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

## Trasker's Private Mark.

When I was quite a young man I counted among my close friends a private detective. The two of us were enjoying a quiet smoke and chat in his cozy little office one day when the door opened and his boy ushered in a lady client. She was apparently under 20, and was quite fashionably attired. Her form was tall and slender and her face exceedingly attractive, but bore traces of some sudden and overwhelming affliction, for her eyes were red with weeping.

"Mr. Banks, the detective, I presume," she queried, turning after a quick glance at me to my more mature companion.

"At your service, madame. Pray be seated."

"I am in sore trouble, sir," she said, in tremulous tones, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "Death has suddenly robbed me of a father and the prison, if nothing worse, threatens to take a dear cousin from me."

"That is very sad," my friend said, sympathetically. "But compose yourself, my dear young lady; you may yet avert the latter part of your trouble."

"Oh, sir! God grant that you may, for my cousin, whom they suspect of the murder of my poor father, was to be my husband," she said, the seriousness of the case overcoming her natural modesty. "But he is innocent, I know it, I feel it, in spite of the evidence against him. Oh, believe me, sir, Harry is as innocent of this dreadful deed as I am."

"My dear young lady," said Banks, encouragingly, "before hearing the first detail of your case I am convinced that he is. My belief in feminine intuitions is based upon the solid foundation of experience. Be calm, therefore, and let me have the story from the beginning."

The circumstances she related were as follows: Her father, Thomas Kempton, was the proprietor of a large furniture factory. He was a man who paid strict attention to business, and was in the habit of remaining in his office after the factory had closed for the night and the men had departed, in order to finish up his large correspondence.

One of the clerks in his employ was a nephew, a fine young fellow, strong of body and generous of heart, but not free from the follies of youth. Harry Stanton was a graduate of college and a thorough athlete, and, being yet scarce 20, he had not outgrown his youthful enthusiasm for sports, clubs and semi-incidental late suppers with the boys.

Now, the old man was always so tolerant of the ways of the young as recollection should make them, and so it happened that the frequent transgressions of the nephew caused between the two considerable friction. On the evening of the tragedy there had been quite a serious quarrel, and he left the presence of his employer in hot-headed haste and with angry words.

One hour later and half an hour after the factory had closed Mr. Kempton had been found murdered in his private office. He was seated in his chair, his head falling forward on the desk before him. A pocket-knife had been used to accomplish the dastardly deed, and this lay on the floor in a pool of blood at the murdered man's feet. On being cleansed and examined the fatal weapon was instantly recognized by the clerks as young Stanton's.

There was no indication of a struggle, the blow had evidently been struck from behind, and with unerring aim had pierced the heart. The safe had been rifled of its valuable contents, and there was evidence that the assassin in making his exit through the general office had stopped to open Stanton's desk, and remove such things as a young fellow would be likely to take.

So much in substance had by interrogatory promptings been drawn from the girl, when Banks said:

"And now tell me what steps have been taken."

"Poor papa's head clerk has employed a detective—a Mr. Gregg—who, after looking into the case, started off in hot pursuit of my cousin, whom he firmly believes to be the assassin."

"Um!" came from Banks, as he gazed musingly into the fire. "Then young Stanton has disappeared?"

"Yes, 'tis all a strange combination of circumstances, but I trust, sir, you still believe him innocent."

"My dear young lady, a professional opinion based on the merits of the case would be rather premature. For the present you must draw what comfort you may from my faith in your intuitions. If you desire it I shall proceed at once to the factory in order to secure some further data."

"Kindly do so in my behalf, Mr. Banks," responded the girl, and then

exhibiting to the full her perfect confidence in her hunted lover, she said, "I wish you to spare no expense in bringing the criminal to justice."

Receiving my friend's promise to call at her home and report if any important clue was discovered, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away.

At his request I accompanied him to the scene of the tragedy. An hour's investigation bore rather barren results. The only important fact brought out beyond what we already knew, was that the suspected young man had been seen near the factory shortly before the discovery of the murder. Banks, I thought, began to look a little blue.

"Has the desk of Stanton's been touched?" he inquired, presently, pulling out the upper drawer.

"The contents have not been materially disturbed," responded the head clerk. "Detective Gregg simply noted the missing articles, and the bloody finger marks on the paper where it had been lifted to get at some old letters Stanton used to leave lying around the bottom. The whole matter seemed so clear to him that he was here scarcely ten minutes before he started off in hot pursuit."

"Um!" said Banks in his peculiar way, and then he proceeded to go through the drawer. Being slightly acquainted with one of the clerks, I stepped up to him for a moment's conversation. When I returned to my friend's side he was pocketing a sheet of paper which he had been examining with his microscope. A quick glance at his face showed me that he hit upon a promising clue.

"I think we have seen sufficient," he said immediately, and in a few minutes we were on our way back to town.

"Found something, Banks?"

"A more trifling," he responded, "but mum's the word, my boy, even for you. A little spice of mystery, you know, will sharpen your interest."

"I was hoping it was of sufficient importance to lead to an immediate and favorable report to our charming client," said I. "Comforting the distressed, when aforesaid distressed are feminine, young, pretty and rich, is right in my line."

Banks laughed good humoredly and then relapsed into ruminating silence.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we again entered the factory office. Banks carrying a package about fifteen inches square. It was wrapped in plain brown paper, bore no label, tag or address of any sort, and, as far as I knew, might be any one of the thousand things between a tin of biscuits and an infernal machine. Neither Gregg nor his quarry had yet been heard from.

"You will oblige me by gathering all the employees of the factory together in this office, Mr. Williams," said Banks, addressing the head clerk. "Let the outer doors be locked, and when the men are all in here see that the office door is securely fastened also. I wish to try an interesting little experiment."

"I observe that you use a typewriter," he went on after Mr. Williams had given orders to have the men called. "Will you kindly remove the ribbon, or if you have an unused one better still."

This being brought Banks proceeded to untie his package. Removing the outer wrapper he laid bare a plain cardboard box, the cover of which he was on the point of lifting when he looked up to see the eyes of all present gazing upon him with eager curiosity. Mine, he afterward told me, were fairly popping out of my head. As there was no particular hurry he stayed his hand and with a most quizzical expression of countenance lounged back in his chair and coolly puffed at his cigarette.

In five minutes the men, looking somewhat mystified, were all assembled, and everything was ready for the next step. "With a quick glance Banks ran his eyes over the forty faces before him. Then turning to me he whispered mysteriously: 'Stand close beside me and when it comes to names jot down those I give you the signal to. It will save time.'

"Now, men," he said, addressing the gathering, "as little more can be done in the matter of the murder until we hear from Detective Gregg, Mr. Williams here has kindly consented to allow me this favorable opportunity to put to the test a little theory which has been brought to my notice. It is said that in China all holders of public offices and especially soldiers are known by their finger marks. The arrangement of the grooves or furrows on the skin, it is claimed, is alike in no two individuals. That I wish to prove or disprove conclusively. As each man's name is called he will please step forward, press his right thumb upon the typewriter ribbon and then make an impression on this strip of prepared glass. To distinguish one from another I desire each man to record his name on the label I have affixed under the space for each impression."

Banks eyed each man keenly as he came up in answer to his name and did as requested. One, two, three, all innocent looking fellows enough went by, but the fourth individual had a sullen sort of look, and receiving the nudge of which I had been forewarned, I jotted down his name. So the registering procession moved along until at last all had left their thumb marks and I had listed just about a dozen names.

"Now," said Banks, lifting the mysterious package, "I have here a small magic lantern through which I propose to put the slide bearing the impression. It is now dark enough I fancy—and yes—the back of that calendar yonder will serve excellently as a white surface. Oblige me, Mr. Williams by turning its face to the wall. Thank you."

While speaking my friend had busied himself preparing the lantern so that matters moved absorbingly and without delay.

"To make the test a little more interesting," he continued, "I will first show you the thumb mark of a gentleman whom I have a great desire to meet. We will compare the others with this one."

On the disk of light thrown upon the wall appeared a peculiar arrangement of lines, jagged, running into each other, beginning nowhere and ending in the same place.

Presently with my list before him Banks pushed the long slide in and stopped at No. 4. For a few seconds he allowed it to show out beside the first. It exhibited a conformation entirely different. He then superimposed them or placed the figures on the moving slide directly over that on the stationary one. The result was a most confused network of interwoven lines.

Quickly he hurried through my list, treating each in the same manner and allowing the dissimilarities to speak for themselves. Presently one of the thumbmarks fitted so nicely over the stationary one that not a single variation could be observed. There was no crossing of the lines and no blur. So perfect was the matching of the impression that I turned my eyes toward the lantern to be sure that the two slides were really there. As I did so I noticed a commotion in the back part of the room. Then came a yell from Banks. "Seize him—John Trasker—the murderer! Don't let him escape, men!"

Before a hand could be raised to stay him John Trasker had plunged headforemost through the window and was flying with terror at his heels down the road.

Ere the doors could be opened and a hue and cry raised he had secured a long start. As it was only dusk outside and there were few houses near the factory, he was still in view, however, and the men tore after him with cries of "Stop the murderer! Stop him!"

Presently a clatter of hoofs was heard and a horse and rider dashed past them, and gained rapidly upon the fugitive. Seeing he would be shortly overtaken if he kept the road, Trasker climbed a stone wall and dashed across a meadow.

With a leap the rider cleared his saddle; with a single bound he went over the wall and almost before the other pursuers realized what was happening, John Trasker was struggling to free his pinioned arms from the iron grasp of his muscular captor.

"Why, if it isn't Stanton!" cried Mr. Williams in surprise, as he and the others came up.

"Good!" exclaimed Banks, with a grin; "this is a little bit of poetic justice I hadn't arranged for."

Arriving at the factory, Trasker broke down and made a most abject confession. He had planned to remain behind that evening to rifle the open safe. Overhearing the quarrel between uncle and nephew, he saw how it might be used to his advantage. On his way through the general office he looked through Stanton's desk and secured his knife. Returning after the deed to complete the evidence against the young fellow, he had left the incriminating thumbmark.

As for Stanton, his story was very simple. He had returned to the premises that evening with a view to apologizing to his uncle, but pride overcoming his good intention, he had gone away again without entering. Shortly afterward meeting a friend, who lived some twenty miles from town, he had been tempted with the prospect of a day's shooting to accompany him home. Three o'clock that afternoon, and just after they had got back from the woods, the first information of what had occurred reached him, and borrowing his friend's mare he started post haste for the factory, with what result has already been made known. Banks received a fifty dollar check and abundant thanks from his charming young client, and some fifteen months later an invitation to the wedding. —[New York Press.]

## Food Before Sleep.

Many persons, says Dr. W. T. Cathell, an eminent physician, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and I am of the opinion that fasting during the long intervals between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet.

All beings except man are governed by natural instinct, and every being with a stomach, except man, eats before sleep, and even the human infant, guided by the same instinct, sucks frequently day and night, and if its stomach is empty for any prolonged period, it cries long and loud. Digestion requires a certain interval of rest, and if the amount of food during the twenty-four hours is in quantity and quality, not beyond the physiological limit, it makes no hurtful difference to the stomach how few or how short are the intervals between eating, but it does make a vast difference in the weak and emaciated one's welfare to have a medium of food in the stomach during the time of sleep, that instead of being consumed by bodily action it may during the interval improve the lowered system, and I am fully satisfied were the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless to rightly take a light lunch or meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, nine in ten of them would be thereby lifted into a better standard of health. —[New York Journal.]

## His Song of Hope.

A well known man of business in this city is noted for his remarkably cheerful disposition. Though he has suffered financial disaster more than once, his bonhomie has carried him through without a wrinkle. Asked to explain how he managed to retain so much Mark Tapley philosophy through every crisis, he replied:

"When I was a young man in business my disposition was quite different. Though I was provided with everything desirable, the least setback caused me excessive worry, and once, thinking my firm was on the verge of failure, I resolved upon self-destruction. Early one morning, after a sleepless night, I started out toward the river, brooding deeply upon my troubles. I happened to look up and saw an old rag-picker going cheerfully about his work humming 'Pop Goes the Weasel.' I stopped and turned back. The contrast between his condition and disposition and mine left a lasting impression, and I have hummed that same care-dispelling air, at intervals, ever since." —[Philadelphia Record.]

## HORRORS REVEALED.

What We May Suffer If Scientists Keep on Discovering.

If cases of actual starvation multiplied throughout the land, if an epidemic of diseases resulting from malnutrition devastated the country, the doctors and not the bankers, brokers, and statesmen will be to blame. There is plenty of food in America—plenty and to spare, and none so poor but what he may by comparatively light exertion secure a sufficient quantity daily to retain for his full time that desirable condition of soul and body. Still starvation stares even the rich in the face, starvation born of an unwholesome combination of doctors, nerves, and imagination.

The most eminent scientists have, of late years, been devoting much time and attention to the study of microbes and bacilli and parasites and other unpleasant microscopic organisms. Nobody objects to their having done so to their indefinite continuance of such a diverting pastime. But they have no right to flaunt their disagreeable and depressing discoveries in the bacteriological way in the face of the nervous layman. One of them, a Dr. Stiles of the Government Department of Agriculture, has been particularly industrious in discovering all sorts of infinitesimal but voracious and deadly parasites in about every article of food found upon the average American table. And now he persists, with unwholesome enthusiasm, in enlightening the ordinary men and women of the country who haven't time to keep a constant lookout upon the horrible details of his discoveries. He delightfully announces that most beef, pork, and bread is just fairly swarming with parasites which range in size from atomic minuteness to 150 feet in length! With ghoulish glee he tells us that soups are apt to contain bits of animalcules which may develop into devastating tapeworms of most discouraging dimensions. He says mice in the pantry are apt to deposit megastome intestines throughout the bread supply of the family, and that all sorts of horrible stomachic consequences are pretty sure to follow if they do.

Water, unless boiled, according to this ravager of the joys of life, is apt to contain about 4,000,000 different parasites to the spoonful, including the egg of the formidable lumbricoid worm, which, once it develops, is reasonably certain to bore holes in one's liver and conduct extensive excavating operations in one's lungs. Wherever we go, whatever we eat and drink, according to Dr. Stiles, we are at all times and places just fairly throwing ourselves in the way of legions and hordes of insatiable bacilli whose horrors he delights in illustrating by means of microscopes and magic lanterns.

And hence it comes about that, unless something is done, unless these ghoulish-minded and overly zealous bacteriologists are either obliged to furnish antidotes for these parasitic terrors of their conjuring or else made to keep their hideous knowledge to themselves, the future contains no other fate for the imaginative man or woman but starvation, and that in the midst of plenty, too!

## Her Opinion of It.

"Once when I was in one of my back counties," said a Tennessee Congressman, "I stopped at a small hotel where I was an object of curiosity to a couple of natives, evidently man and wife. I was sitting out on a porch in front of the house reading a newspaper, and they were watching me as if I were some kind of a new creation, but I tried to remain unconscious of it, behind my paper. Finally they began to talk. 'Who'd you reckon he is?' queried the woman in a half whisper. 'Dunno; spouts 'I ax him' he ventured upon as curious as she was."

"You don't," she said in a tone implying that she hoped he would, and he did, and I told him I was the Congressman from that district. He went back to her smiling.

"Guess who?" he said.

"Some kinder drummer or other," she replied, peeping at me cautiously.

"He ain't no preacher, 'im shore," she said, "but he might be a sewin' machine agent."

"No, he ain't," said the man, "he's the Congressman from this district; that's what he is."

"Did he tell you so?" she asked incredulously.

"In course."

"My," she exclaimed, "I wouldn't a thought it. It's bad enough to be one without goin' 'round tellin' every body." —[Detroit Free Press.]

## A Sign of Pressure.

Among the signs that the high pressure at which American professional and business men are living is

telling upon them, the great increase in the number of sofas and couches to be used in offices is very interesting to the student of nerves and nervous diseases. A generation ago a violent headache or a feeling of a great depression was considered a legitimate excuse for closing up the office and taking half a day off, if not a rest for a day or two. Now there is no time for rests of this character and the man who is breaking down from overwork gets a couch in his office and takes three or four minutes or perhaps a quarter of an hour's rest when his brain declines to act.

A few days ago I had occasion to call upon a well-known attorney, who, to my surprise, I found lying on a couch in his office. I was apologizing and promising to call again, when he told me to sit down and he could attend to me all right. I stated my case to him and he dictated a letter to his stenographer bearing on the question, explaining to me when he got through that when he got played out he could think much better lying down than sitting up. Burning the candle at both ends is an expression which scarcely applies to such reckless overdrifts on nerves and nature as this. —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

## Surprise at the Number.

In Lynchburg, not long ago, a house fell on General Jubal Early. Something was wrong with a wall that was being built, and it fell in. Early was under it. Every one thought he was dead. They began to dig the bricks away to secure the man who remains. Finally his head showed. He was swearing. He pulled himself out and walked away, saying: "Damme, I didn't know there were so many bricks in the world!"

## Color Sensations.

The three primary color sensations are considered to be red, green, and violet. Certain mixtures of violet and green produced a blue; red and green also give a yellow. But it is important to observe that these are primary colors, though the expression "lights of primary colors" is admissible. For it is commonly imagined that the blue and yellow used in certain proportions produce various kinds of green. A yellow and blue pigments be mixed together with water the green color produced is any mixture of blue and yellow colors. It is the one color which is not freely absorbed either by the yellow or by the blue pigment. The yellow pigment removes the greater part of the blue, indigo and violet rays; the blue pigment removes the greater part of the red, orange, and yellow. Thus the light that finally escapes is mainly green.

It is curious to notice, too, that the sunlight passing through glass of one color is not only of that color. What is called the ordinary solar spectrum is produced by allowing a ray of sunlight to enter a narrow slit and pass through one or more prisms. If a bit of red glass be held over the slit the whole length of the spectrum is not reddened; there is no color in the spectrum of the glass when that color does not exist in the ordinary (rainbow) spectrum. If the red glass be pretty pure only red and a little orange are visible in the spectrum; all the rest is cut away. Wonderful! It is also that the colors seen in natural objects are chiefly residuals left after internal absorption.

A tulip with green leaves can only be seen in pure light or in the corresponding colors of the spectrum. If it is placed in the red band of the spectrum the flower shines brilliantly red, while the leaves shine dull red, not green. If moved to any other band of the spectrum the red petals become black and the green alters much. —[Longman's Magazine.]

## Smoking as Prayer.

A visitor from the United States finds many things which surprise him in the City of Mexico. When the mail arrives at the postoffice the names of the people to whom letters are addressed are written on a slip of paper and posted on a bulletin board. Merchants go every morning to examine the announcement, and if they find their names on the list hand their cards to the delivery clerk, who hands them their mail. No postage stamps are sold, but those having letters to mail take them to the postoffice and pay their postage to the postmaster, who sticks on the stamps himself. In all public places men are found sitting around, provided with pen, ink, and paper, ready to conduct the correspondence of any one unable to do it himself.

Every one in Mexico smokes, the women as well as the men. They smoke in the street cars, in the shops at the opera, and, in fact, everywhere. I actually saw one man kneeling in chapel, muttering his prayers, with a lighted cigarette in his hand. —[Exchange.]

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